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CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

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CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

Miss Bishop sat bemused, her brows knit. At last his lordship broke the silence.

"He amazes me, this man," said he, in his slow, languid voice that never seemed to change its level. "That he should alter his course for us is in itself matter for wonder; but that he should take a risk on our behalf—that he should venture into Jamaica waters . . . It amazes me, as I have said."

Miss Bishop raised her eyes, and looked at him.

"What is still more amazing is that he does not hold us to ransom," said she at last.

"It's what you deserve."

"Oh, and why, if you please?"

"For speaking to him as you did."

"I usually call things by their names."

His lordship stared at her. Then he half-closed his large, pale eyes, and tilted his head a little. "I wonder why you hate him so," he said softly.

"Hate him? Lord! What a thought! I don't regard the fellow at all."

"Then ye should, ma'am." His lordship spoke his thought frankly. "He's worth regarding. He'd be an acquisition to the King's navy—a man that can do the things he did this morning."

Miss Bishop was moved to sarcasm. "You should use your influence with my Lord Sutherland to have the King offer him a commission."

His lordship laughed softly. "Faith, it's done already. I have his commission in my pocket." And he increased her amazement by a brief exposition of the circumstances. In that amazement he left her, and went in quest of Blood.

He found the Captain pacing on the quarter-deck. With the amiable familiarity he used, Lord Julian slipped an arm through one of the Captain's, and fell into step beside him.

"What's this?" snapped Blood, whose mood was fierce and raw. His lordship was not disturbed.

"I desire, sir, that we be friends," said he suavely. Then he proceeded to explain himself and his mission.

When he had done, Captain Blood, who until that moment had stood still under the spell of his astonishment, disengaged his arm from his lordship's, and stood squarely before him.

"Ye're my guest aboard this ship," said he, "and I still have some notion of decent behavior left me from other days, thief and pirate though I may be. So I'll not be telling you what I think of you for daring to bring me this offer, or of my Lord Sunderland—since he's your kinsman—for having the impudence to send it. But it does not surprise me at all that one who is a minister of James Stuart's should conceive that every man is to be seduced by bribes into betraying those who trust him." He flung out an arm in the direction of the waist, whence came the half-melancholy chant of the lounging buccaneers.

"Again you misapprehend me," cried Lord Julian, between concern and indignation. "That is not intended. Your followers will be included in your commission."

"And d'ye think they'll go with me to hunt their brethren—the Brethren of the Coast? On my soul, Lord Julian, it is yourself does the misapprehending."

His lordship fetched a heavy sigh. "A pity," he said slowly. "Oh, blister me—a cursed pity!" He held out his hand, moved to it on a sudden generous impulse. "But no offense between us, Captain Blood."

"Oh, no offense. But . . . I'm a thief and a pirate." He laughed without mirth, and, disregarding the proffered hand, swung on his heel.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SERVICE OF KING JAMES.

Miss Arabella Bishop was aroused very early on the following morning by the brazen voice of a bugle and the insistent clanging of a bell in the ship's belfry.

In his cabin on the starboard side Lord Julian, disturbed by the same sounds, was already astir and hurriedly dressing. When presently he emerged under the break of the poop,

"I wonder why you hate him so," he said softly.

he found himself staring up into a mountain of canvas.

By the rail, immediately above and behind Lord Julian, stood Captain Blood in altercation with a one-eyed giant, whose head was swathed in a red cotton kerchief, whose blue shirt hung open at the waist. As his lordship, moving forward, revealed himself, their voices ceased, and Blood turned to greet him.

"Good morning to you," he said, and added. "I've blundered badly, so I have. I should have known better than to come so close to Jamaica by night. But I was in haste to land you. Come up here. I have something to show you."

Wondering, Lord Julian mounted the companion as he was bidden. Standing beside Captain Blood, he looked astern, following the indication of the Captain's hand, and cried out in his amazement. There, not more than three miles away, was land—an uneven wall of vivid green that filled the western horizon. And a couple of miles this side of it, bearing ofter them, came speeding three great white ships.

"They fly no colors, but they're part of the Jamaica fleet." Blood spoke without excitement, almost with a certain listlessness. "When dawn broke we found ourselves running to meet them. We went about, and it's been a race ever since. But the Arabella's been at sea these four months, and her bottom's too foul for the speed we're needing."

A gun boomed out behind them.

"That'll be the signal to lie to," said Blood, in the same listless voice; and he fetched a sigh.

Wolverstone squared himself defiantly before his captain.

"I'll see Colonel Bishop in hell or ever I lies for him." And he spat, presumably for purposes of emphasis.

Came the roar of a second gun, and a round shot splashed the water less than half a cable-length astern. Blood leaned over the rail to speak to the fair young man immediately below him by the helmsman at the whipstaff.

"Bid them take in sail, Jeremy," he said quietly. "We lie to."

But Wolverstone interposed again. "Hold there a moment, Jeremy!" he roared. "Wait!" He swung back to face the Captain, who had placed a hand on his shoulder and was smiling, a trifle wistfully.

"Steady, Old Wolf! Steady!" Captain Blood admonished him.

"Steady, yourself, Peter. Ye've gone mad! Will ye doom us all to hell out of tenderness for that cold slip of a girl?"

Their glances met, sullen defiance braving dull anger, surprise and pain.

"There is no question," said Blood, "of surrender for any man aboard save only myself. If Bishop can report to England that I am taken and hanged, he will magnify himself and at the same time gratify his persnal rancor against me. I'll send him a message offering to surrender aboard his ship, taking Miss Bishop and Lord Julian with me, but only on condition that the Arabella is allowed to proceed unharmed."

"It's a bargain he'll never be offered," retorted Wolverstone, and his earlier vehemence was as nothing to his vehemence now. "Ye're surely daft even to think of it, Peter!"

"Not so daft as you when you talk of fighting that." He flung out an arm as he spoke to indicate the pursuing ships, which were slowly but surely creeping nearer. "Before we've run another half-mile we shall be within range."

Wolverstone swore elaborately, then suddenly checked. Out of the tail of his single eye he had epied a trim figure in gray silk that was ascending the companion. So engrossed had they been that until now they had not seen Miss Bishop come from the door of the passage leading to the cabin. And there was something else that those three men on the poop, and Pitt immediately below them, had failed to observe. Some moments ago Ogle, followed by the main body of his gun-deck crew, had emerged from the booby hatch.

Captain Blood bared his head and bowed silently in a greeting which Arabella returned composedly and formally.

"What is happening, Lord Julian?" she inquired.

As if to answer her a third gun spoke from the ships toward which she was looking intent and wonderingly.

"They are ships of the Jamaica fleet," his lordship answered her.

It should in any case have been sufficient explanation. But before more could be added, their attention was drawn at last to Ogle, who came bounding up the broad ladder, and to the men lounging aft in his wake, in all of which, instinctively, they apprehended a vague menace.

At the head of the companion, Ogle found his progress barred by Blood, who confronted him, a sudden sternness in his face and in every line of him.

"What's this?" the Captain demanded sharply. "Your station is on the gun-deck. Why have you left it?"

Thus challenged, the obvious truculence faded out of Ogle's bearing. But it gave no pause to the gunner's intention. If anything it increased his excitement.

"Captain," he said, and as he spoke he pointed to the pursuing ships. "Colonel Bishop holds us. We're in no case either to run or fight."

Blood's height seemed to increase, as did his sternness.

"Ogle," said he, in a voice cold and sharp as steel, "your station is on the gun-deck. You'll return to it at once, and take your crew with you, or else . . . ."

But Ogle, violent of mien and gesture, interrupted him.

"The men are of my thinking, and they'll have their way."

"And what way may that be?"

"The way to make us safe. We'll neither sink nor hang whiles we can help it."

(To be continued.)

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The Puritans were great people and we owe much to them. But they made some mistakes, and one of these was their gloomy and severe idea of keeping Sunday. That idea did much harm to religion.—Bishop Manning.

The tabloids make eavesdroppers of reporters, sensual meddlers of journalists, and reduce the highest ideals of the newspaper to the process of fastening a camera lens to every boudoir keyhole.—Aben Kande'.

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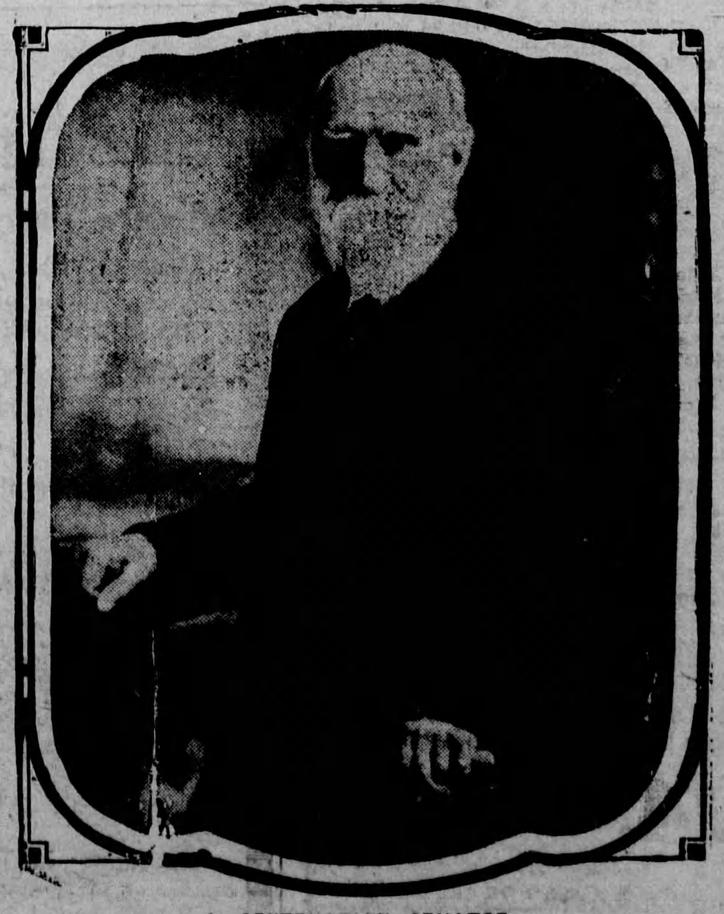

A CENTENARIAN SENATOR

Senator George C. De Saulles, who celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary last week. He was 79 years of age when he was appointed to the Canadian Senate. He was presented with a painting of himself.

Dr. Dee, Wizard

Anniversary of Famous Scientist and Magician of Queen Elizabeth's Time Was Born 400 Years Ago

SCHOLAR AND MYSTIC

Just four hundred years ago the famous John Dee was born. He was an extraordinary compound of ingenious scholar, credulous dreamer and astute charlatan. Among British astrologers only William Lilly, who predicted the Great Fire of London, has enjoyed greater popular repute as a necromancer.

Dr. Dee was called the "White Wizard" because of his profuse white hair and beard. He boasted of his descent from an ancient Welsh family. His father, a wealthy vintner of London, sent him at 15 to Combridge, where for five years he applied himself to mathematical and astronomical studies.

His Reputation Increased

"I was so vehemently bent to study," runs his own account, "only to sleep four hours every night."

Leaving the university, he spent nearly a year in Holland, in order to visit the eminent mathematicians residing there, and on his return was elected fellow of Trinity College, newly founded at Cambridge. He took the degree of Master of Arts. Dee began to be suspsected of practicing black magic when he mystified the university in a classical play with a mechanical device representing a man soaring to the sky on a beetle's back.

Fearing persecution as a sorcerer, he deemed it expedient to go abroad and remained some two years at Louvain University, where he attracted a great deal of notice. His reputation for learning grew. At Rheims a course of public lectures on Euclid's "Elements" had an enthusiastic reception and at Paris he was urged to accept a professorship of mathematics. But he declined and returned to England in 1551. Edward VI conferred on him a pension of 100 crowns, which Dee soon exchanged for the rectory of Upton-on-Severn.

He was accused of using enchantments against Queen Mary's life and passed many weary months in prison until some of his friends induced the Queen to liberate him by an order of council.

On the accession of Elizabeth, Lord Dudley consulted Dr. Dee respecting a propitious day for the coronation. Queen Elizabeth had been vainly attempting to comprehend some of Dr. dee's mystical writings and sought his aid to unriddle their meaning, devoting three days to conversing with him on the interpretation of his obscure treatises.

Dr. Dee settled down in rural quiet and seclusion beside the Thames at Mortlake to pursue his favorite studies. Of rare and curious books and manuscripts relating to the subjects that interested him he possessed a unique assortment. He made a collection of scientific and magical instruments as well. His "Speculum," or mirror, in which he asserted that he saw prophetic visions, is now in the Brtish Museum. It is a ball of pinkish glass about three inches in diameter. He also used a piece of cannel coal for his clairvoyance. Queen Elizabeth visited him to inspect his treasures, but as she arrived a few hours after his wife's funeral, she would not stay and only examined some of his instruments which he brought out of the house.

Genuine and Fantastic

Dr. Dee traveled to Vienna to present to the Emperor Maximilian an elaborate philosophical treatise dedicated to him. On a second journey abroad he fell dangerously ill in Lorraine, and Elizabeth sent two physicians to tend him. When in 1578 the Queen's health caused anxiety, he was dispatched to consult with physicians and astrologers in Germany respecting it. Later he was employed to investigate a claim to territories newly discovered by Elizabeth's subjects.

There had been genuine science and learning of real value mingled with his fantastic notions. But in 1581 he met Edward Kelly and became, it seems, the dupe of that rogue's pretensions to occult knowledge. This Kelly was an apothecary who had been convicted of forgery and had had his ears cut off in the pillory. Kelly professed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, capable of converting copper into gold and lead into silver. He said he was able to call up spirits. Dr. Dee joyfully engaged this wonder-worker as an assistant at £50 a year.

For some years the pair wandered about Poland and Bohemia, sometimes living in luxury on their gains from the credulous, sometimes starving in poverty when they fell among skeptics. They enjoyed the hospitality of the young Count Rosenberg in his castle of Trebona for months, and the most marvelous tales are recorded of their performances, especially their communications with the world of spirits.

Dr. Dee received an invitation from Queen Elizabeth to return, which he promptly accepted. She even furnished him with the means to travel in state like an ambassador.

He arrived back in 1589. Despite financial aid from the Queen and his friends he remained poor and petitioned for an appointment. At length, in 1595, he became Warden of Manchester College. Nine years later he returned, weary and discontented, to Mortlake. His last years were passed in dire poverty and complete neglect, and he died in 1608 at the age of 81. His tomb is in the parish church.

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Till heavens crash, the records and the scrolls.
O Souls rest unperturbed, with aureoles
As bright as saints', chastened and without guile;
The "Missing" shall be found; the Father's smile
For those who paid the soldier-martyrs' tolls.

Ah! once you walked the earth as gods supreme
In beauty—the elite of all our race—
How shattered by the bolts of Hell, no place
Of burial in yours in proud esteem:
Yet in the Hall of Memory we trace
The names we love, glorious with astral-gleam!

—Andrew, in Montreal Star.

Heroes in the Cause of Science

London Evening Standard (Ind. Cons.): The men who have given themselves in the cause of science would make a noble roll of honor, though of many of them the world at large has heard but vaguely. Their exploits are not spectacular or, as a rule, set in picturesque surroundings. The imaginations of all of us respond to the picture of the airman precariously poised in his frail machine over merciless waters, or to the explorer isolated among the Polar snows, fighting for his life in a blizzard. The scientist in his laboratory overall just off one o four familiar streets is not at first sight so romantic a figure. He has left his commonplace home that morning and gone by the bus or the train, which will carry him back to his commonplace home again at night. We find it hard to realize that in the interval he may have been facing wild adventure with the courage of a Lindbergh or a Scott.

Minard's Liniment for Toothache.

Caricature

London Herald (Lab.): The German Burgomaster whose claim against a caricaturist for publishing a ludicrous sketch of his august features failed, should console himself with the reflection that the Court's judgment did declare him to be a public, and, by implication, a famous—personage. And, indeed, to be taken by caricaturists as a subject is, for the aspirant after fame, the final gauge and guarantee that he has succeeded. What an enormous advantage it is to the politician to have a caricaturable face or a distinctive habit on which the caricaturist can seize! How much did Mr. Gradstone owe ti his collars, Mr. Chamberlain to his monocle? Where would Mr. Baldwin be without his pipe?

Music is not a drug, but a diet.—Sir Henry Hadow.

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